

Strike the Bell

Up on the poop deck and walking all about, There's the second mate so steady and so stout. What he is a-thinkin' of he doesn't know himself. We wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell!

Chorus: *Strike the bell, second mate, let us go below! Look well to windward you can see it's going to blow. Look at the glass, you can see that it has fell - We wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell!*

Down on the main deck and workin' at the pumps, There's the larboard watch, just a-longin' for their bunks. Look out to windward, you can see a great swell - We wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell!

[chorus]

Aft at the wheelhouse old Anderson stands, Graspin' at the spokes with his cold, mittened hands. Lookin' at the compass through the course is clear as hell, He's wishin' that the second mate would strike, strike the bell!

[chorus]

For'ard on the fo'cs'le head and keepin' sharp lookout, There's Johnny standin', a-ready' for to shout. Lights are burnin' bright sir, and everything is well - We wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell!

[chorus]

Aft on the quarterdeck, our gallant captain stands, Lookin' out to sea with a spyglass in his hand. What he is a-thinkin' of, we all know very well - He's thinkin' more of short'nin' sail than striking the bell!

[chorus]

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Last update: **2007/11/23 19:14**

